

THE
L A R K:
A
COLLECTION
OF CHOICE
SCOTS SONGS.

Together with
A few SONGS for the BOTTLE.



EDINBURGH:
Printed for ROBERT CLARK, Bookseller.
MDCCCLXVIII.



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THE LARK:

A COLLECTION of SCOTS SONGS.

I. TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;
Both nature and fancy exceed,
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield,
The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird and sweet-cooing dove,
With music inchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folk sing.
How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

A

'Tis

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the plasanter banks of the Tweed?

II. *The Bush aboon TRAQUAIR.*

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me.
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her;
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.
 That day she smil'd and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.
 Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember;

But

But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender.
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

III. PEGGY, *I must love thee.*

AS from a rock past all relief,
The shipwrack'd Colin spying
His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
Half sunk in waves, and dying:
With the next morning-sun he spies,
A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise;
New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was, and deserted,
Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
I found in Peggy's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying?
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We lose ourselves in staying:

I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose :
 Why should we happy minutes lose,
 Since, Peggy; I must love thee.

Men may be foolish if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty,
 To sigh and sacrifice their ease,
 Doting on a proud beauty :
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear ;
 False Betty's charms now disappear,
 Since Peggy's far outshine them.

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IV. *Love is the Cause of my Mourning.*

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oftimes heard her say,
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,
And that love is the cause of my mourning.
 False shepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never
 warms ;

Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,
Oh Strephon ! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go

Down to the shades below,

Ere ye let Strephon know

That I have lov'd him so :

Then on my pale cheeks no blushes will show
That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh ;
 But finding her breathless, Oh heav'ns ! did he cry,
Oh Chloris ! the cause of my mourning.

Restore

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs use your art.
 'They sighing reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then is Chloris dead,
 Wounded by me ! he said ;
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid,
 Down to the silent shade.

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

V. MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heav'n relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow ?

Ah no ! her form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her love the god's above must share ;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at distance due adore her,
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile :
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish :

With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky;
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.



VI. *The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie.*

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
 The Yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees
 grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That Silvans and Faries upseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sang, Tho' young Maya be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke
 truth:

But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter with all her great
 dow'r,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:
 Then, sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

VII. *Bonny JEAN.*

LOVE's goddess in a myrtle grove,
 Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed;
 Nor let the shaft at random rove,
 For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed.
 The smiling boy, with divine art,
 From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
 Refuses Willie's kind address;
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.
 No more the youth is fullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 While every day he spies some new
 Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports croud his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind,
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind:
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 'The glorious fields of war look mean;
 'The chearful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;
 When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than Troy's prize, the Spartan queen,
 With breaking day he lifts his sight,
 And pants to be with bonny Jean.

VIII. GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
 Of my dear Delia take a care,
 And represent her lover
 With all the gaiety of youth,
 With honour, justice, love and truth;
 Till I return, her passions sooth,
 For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid slave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me, who know how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition.
 Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance lie,
 Whose hop'd for pleasure, when come nigh,
 Prove nothing in fruition.

But cast into a mould divine,
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.
 Let poets in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise;
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

IX. *The Lafs of PATIE's Mill.*

THE lafs of Patie's mill,
 So bonny, blyth, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.
 Through all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lafs of Patie's mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

X. *BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.*

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They are twa bonny lasses,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rasches.
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy faulter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning:
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waste and feet's fu' genty;
 With ilka grace she can command;
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances:
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppre us;
 Our fancies jee between yon twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses:
 Wae's me! for wae I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

XI. *My Deary, if you die.*

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee ;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if thou die.
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me :
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray ?
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see :
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage,
 But thine which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this that like the morning-sun
 Gave joy and life to me ;
 And when its destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share ;
 You who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair.
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me ;
 Oh ! never rob me from those arms :
 I'm lost if Peggy die.

XII. *Down the Burn, DAVIE.*

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye;
 Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burn-side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride;
 Her cheeks were rosy, red, and white,
 Her een were bonny blue;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said!
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And wi' her bosom play'd;
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And naething sure unmeet;
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a wawk sae sweet;
 And that they aften should return
 Sic pleasure to renew.
 Quoth Mary, love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

XIII. *The last Time I came o'er the Moor.*

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me.

Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,

When soft ideas mind me ?

Soon as the ruddy morn display'd

The beaming day ensuing,

I met betimes my lovely maid,

In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,

Gazing and chafly sporting ;

We kiss'd and promis'd time away,

Till night spread her black curtain.

I pitied all beneath the skies,

Ev'n kings when she was nigh me ;

In raptures I beheld her eyes,

Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,

Where mortal steel may wound me ;

Or cast upon some foreign shore,

Where dangers may surround me :

Yet hopes again to see my love,

To feast on glowing kisses,

Shall make my cares at distance move,

In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place

To let a rival enter :

Since she excels in every grace,

In her my love shall center.

Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,

Their waves the Alps shall cover,

On Greenland ice shall roses grow,

Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me ;
 Then Hymen's sacred boads shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

XIV. *The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

HOW blyth ilk morn was I to see
 The swain come o'er the hill !
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me :
 I met him with good will.
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows ;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay :
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The burds stood list'ning by :
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play ;
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Though ne'er so rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I should banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
 Cou'd I but faithful be?
 He staw my heart: cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit
 That held my wee ioup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now lie useless by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewell a' pleasures there;
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows,
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

XV. ETTRICK BANKS.

I.

ON Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,
 At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie braw and tight,
 Came wading, barefoot a' her lane:

My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily-neck,
 And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fou lang;
 My words they were na mony feck.

II.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
 To the highland hills, the Earse to learn?
 I'll baith gie thee a cow and ew,
 When ye come to the brigg of Earn,
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomilaw;
 Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

III.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring:
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

IV.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
 And lead you to my summer-shield.
 There far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
 And gar the longest day seem short.

XVI.

BLESS'D as th' immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,

And

And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd ; the subtile flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

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XVII. KATHARINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did chear my brain,
From flowers which grew so rarely :
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She thin'd though it was foggy ;
I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,
My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately ;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country-maid so neatly :
Such natural sweetness she display'd,
Like a lillie in a boggie ;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee;
 Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 Yet those cannot disguise thee:
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Far excels any clownish rogie;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain!
 To feed my flock beside thee,
 At boughting time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With Kate, my club, and doggie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmens dang'rous stations;
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations:
 Might I caress and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie;
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and foggy;
 Pity my case, ye powers above,
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

XVIII. *An thou were my ain Thing.*

O F race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 For heaven's sake, oh! favour me,
 Who only lives to love thee.

*An thou were my ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee;
 An thou were my ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee!*

The gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O! for their sake support a slave,
 Who only lives to love thee.

An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your sake,
 What man can name I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I love thee.

An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
 Till fates my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out I'll love thee.

An thou were, &c.

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
 And gar the gods envy me.

An thou were, &c.

Sae

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in fast whispers through the night,
 I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.

An thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean?
 She moves a goddess o'er the green;
 Were I a king, thou should be queen,
 Nane but mysell aboon thee.

An thou were, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs should twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

An thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining youth let's make our hay;
 Since love admits of nae delay,
 O let nae scorn undo thee.

An thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
 Hae there's my heart, gie me your hand,
 And, with ilk smile, thou shalt command
 The will of him wha loves thee.

An thou were, &c.

+++++

XIX. *What's that to you?*

To the tune of, *The glancing of her apron.*

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
 The live-lang simmer day,

Till we almost were spoil'd
 At making of the hay :
 Her kurchy was of holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bonny brow,
 I whisper'd something in her ear,
 But what's that to you ?

Her stockings were of Kerfy green,
 As tight as ony filk,
 O sick a leg was never seen,
 Her skin was white as milk :
 Her hair was black as ane could wish,
 And sweet, sweet was her mou,
 Oh ! Jeany daintilie can kiss ;
 But what's that to you ?

The rose and lily baith combine,
 To make my Jeany fair,
 There is nae bennison like mine,
 I have amaist nae care ;
 Only I fear my Jeany's face
 May cause mae men to rue,
 And that may gar me say, alas !
 But what's that to you ?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
 Hide that sweet face of thine,
 That I may only be the man
 Enjoys these looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my dear,
 Wonders to common view,
 And I with faithful heart shall swear,
 For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enow,
 And mony a concubine ;
 But I enjoy a blis mair true,
 His joys were short of mine :

And

And Jeany's happier than they,
 She seldom wants her due,
 All debts of love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you?



XX. *She raise and loot me in.*

THE night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies;
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes.
 When at her father's yate I knock'd,
 Where I had often been,
 She, shrouded only with her smock,
 Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
 She trembling stood asham'd;
 Her swelling breast, and glowing face,
 And every touch inflam'd.
 My eager passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the fort to win;
 And her fond heart was soon betray'd
 To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
 'Transporting was the joy;
 I knew no greater blessing,
 So bless'd a man was I.
 And she, all-ravish'd with delight.
 Bid me oft come again;
 And kindly vow'd that every night
 She'd rise and let me in.

But ah ! at last she prov'd with bairn,
 And sighing fat and dull,
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Look'd e'en just like a fool.
 Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her rash sin :
 She sigh'd and curs'd the fatal hour,
 That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part ?
 I lov'd her so I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart ;
 But wedded, and conceal'd our crime :
 Thus all was well again,
 And now she thanks the happy time
 That e'er she loot me in.



XXI. *The BONNY SCOT.*

To the tune of, *The boatman.*

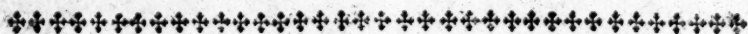
YE gales, that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boatman,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny Scot—man :
 In haly bands
 We join'd our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate
 A large estate,
 Before a fathfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat—man,

E'er

E'er I cou'd for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny Scot—man.
 Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views
 Loves art to use,
 While strangers to its passion.

 Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,
 Who pants to prels thy bawmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hawse thee.
 Love gi'es the word,
 Then haste on board;
 Fair winds and tenty boatman,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,
 Frae yonder shore,
 My blyth, my bonny Scot—man.



XXII. To the tune of, *Gilder Roy*.

A H! Chloris, cou'd I now but sit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget
 No happiness nor pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Wou'd take my rest away.

 Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine.
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine:

But

But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest ;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart ;
 Each gloried in their wanton part ;
 To make a lover, he
 Employed the utmost of his art ;—
 To make a beauty, she.

XXIII. *I'll never leave thee.*

JOHNNY.

THO' for seven years and mair, honour shou'd
 reave me,

To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve
 thee :

For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented ;
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest believe me.

NELLY.

O Johnny, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover :
 And nought i' the world wad vex my heart fairer,
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh, it wad grieve me !
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JOHNNY.

My Nelly, let never sic fancies oppress ye,
 For while my blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye :

G

Your

Your blooming fast beauties first beeted love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Johnny, I frankly this minute allow ye
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
 And gin you prove fause, to ye'rsell be it said then,
 Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrong a kind maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, heavens ! it wad reave me
 Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNNY.

Bid iceshogles hammer red gauls on the studdy,
 And fair simmer-mornings nae mair appear ruddy,
 Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The starns shall gang witherfhins ere I deceive thee.

XXIV. *John Hay's bonny Lassie.*

BY smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey ! maun I still live pining
 Myself thus away, and darna discover
 To my bonny Hay that I am her lover ?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger ;
 If she's not my bride my days are nae langer :
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
 May be ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good mor-
 The sward of the mead, enamel'd with daisies, (row.
 Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But

But if she appear where verdurés invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the
sweeter :

'Tis heav'n to be by, when her wit is a-flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded ;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded :
I'm all on a fire, dear maid, to carels ye.
For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.



XXV. *The Mill, Mill—O.*

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
Was sleeping sound and still—O ;

A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove

Around her with good-will—O :

Her bosom I prefs'd ; but sunk in her rest,

She stirr'dna my joy to spill—O :

While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,

And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,

T' employ my courage and skill—O,

Erae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa',

For the wind blew fair on the bill—O.

Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising

Tald me with a voice right shrill—O (fame

My lass like a fool, had mounted the stool,

Nor kend wha had done her the ill—O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my sort in her arms,

I ferlying speer'd how she fell—O.

Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,

Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O.

Love gave the command, I took her by the hand;
 And bade her a' fears expel—O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her the deed myfell—O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grafs,
 Beneath the Shilling-hill—O,
 If I did offence, I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's mill—O.
O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill—O,
And the coggin of the wheel—O :
The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a sodger reel—O.

XXVI. *Throw the Wood, Laddie.*

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When naething can please me :
 Now dowie I figh on the bank of the burn,
 Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.
 Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing ;
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
 When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
 That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell ;
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning ;
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, laddie, I wander myfell.
 Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,

Wha's

Wha's living in langour till that happy day,
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance sing,
and play.



XXVII. *The Birks of Invermay.*

I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

III.

The laverocks now and lintwhite sing;
The rocks around with echoes ring;
The mavis and the blackbird vie,
In tuneful strains to glad the day;
The woods now wear their summer suits;
To mirth all nature now invites:
Let us be blythsome then, and gay
Among the birks of Invermay.

IV.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dames;
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice:
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

V.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams;
 The circling fun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance:
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Among the birks of Invermay.

XXVIII. *ALLAN-WATER.*

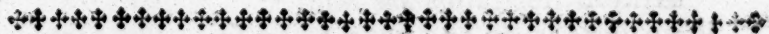
WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?
 What verse be found to praise my Annie?
 On her ten thousand graces wait,
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trode the happy plain,
 She set each youthful heart on fire;
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,
 That Annie kindles new desire.

'This lovely darling, dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming Annie,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.

All day the am'rous youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All night when she no more is seen,
 In blisful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie,
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, why shou'd I deceive ye?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He stole away my virgin heart;
 Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.
 Some brighter beauty you may find,
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.



XXIX. *The wawking of the Fauld.*

Sung by P A T I E.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay;
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet well I like to meet her at
 The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane.
 I wish nae mair, to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown;
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naithing gies me sic delight,
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest, it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 With innocence the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

XXX. *Tune, Winter was cauld, and my claitb-
 ing was thin.*

P E G G Y.

W H E N first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
 And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill;
 To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

P A T I E.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-
bells

Bloom'd bonny on moor-land, and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :
Thy iika sport manly gave pleasure to me ;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden broom knows,
And Rosy liltis sweetly the Milking the ewes ;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
At Throw the wood laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring.
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lads of the mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire !
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire ;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

XXXI. Tune, *Woes my heart that we should funder.*

Sung by PEGGY.

SPEAK on——speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under ;
These fears that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy funder.

A gentler face, and silk atire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.

Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,
 Ye'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?

Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Though thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Throw life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

XXXII. *Corn-riggs are bonny.*

Sung by P E G G Y.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size;
 He's stately in his wawking;
 The shining of his een surprise;
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony ;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chaftly should be granting ;
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.



XXXIII. To the tune of, *The last time I came
 o'er the moor.*

YE blythest lads, and lassies gay,
 Hear what my sang discloses.
 As I ae morning sleeping lay
 Upon a bank of roses,
 Young Jamie whisking o'er the mead,
 By good luck chanc'd to spy me :
 He took his bonnet aff his head,
 And saftly sat down by me.

Jamie though I right meikle priz'd,
 Yet now I wadna ken him ;
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,
 And strave away to send him :

But

But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And by my side down lying,
 His beating heart thumped sae fast,
 I thought the lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,
 And angry passion feigning,
 I aften roughly shot him by,
 With words full of disdain.
 Poor Jamie baw'd, nae favour wins,
 Went aff much discontented ;
 But I in truth for a' my sins
 Ne'er haff sae fair repented.

XXXIV. *Petticoat wooing.*

I.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
 For how can I speak without pain ?
 My eyes have oft told you their wishes :
 Why can't you the meaning explain ?

II.

My passion would lose by expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame ;
 Then pray don't expect a confession
 Of what is too tender to name.

III.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
 How can you expect it from me ?
 Our wishes should be in our keeping,
 Till you tell us what they shou'd be.

IV.

Then quickly why don't you discover ?
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine ?
 I need not tell over and over
 What I in my bosom confine.

XXXV. COLIN'S Reply

I.

GOOD Madam, when ladies are willing,
 A man must needs look like a fool;
 For me, I would not give a shilling
 For one that does love without rule.

II.

At least you should wait for our offers,
 Nor snatch like old maids in despair;
 Had you liv'd to these years without proffers,
 Your sighs are all spent in the air.

III.

You should leave us to guess by your blushing,
 And not tell the matter so plain;
 'Tis ours to be writing and pushing,
 And yours to affect a disdain.

IV.

But you're in a terrible taking,
 By all the fond oglings I see;
 The fruit that can fall without shaking,
 Indeed is too mellow for me.

XXXVI. ALLOA-HOUSE.

O How could I venture to love one like thee,
 Or thou not despise a poor conquest like me?
 On lords thy admirers could look with disdain,
 And though I was nothing, yet pity my pain?
 You said, when they teas'd you with nonsense and
 When real the passion the vanity's less; (drefs,
 You saw through that silence which others despise,
 And while beaux were prating read love in my eyes.

D

Oh!

Oh ! where is the nymph that like thee can ne'er
 Whose wit can enliven the dull pause of joy ; (cloy,
 And when the sweet transport is all at an end,
 From *beautiful mistress* turn *sensible friend* !
 When I see thee I love thee, but hearing adore,
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more ;
 Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
 And kissing those lips, find you woman again.

In all that I write I'll thy judgment require,
 Thy taste shall correct what thy love did inspire ;
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er,
 And then live on friendship when passion's no more.



XXXVII. *The Flowers of the Forest.*

I'VE seen the smiling-of fortune beguiling :
 I've felt all her favours, and found them decay.
 So sweet was the blessing,
 So fond the caressing ;
 But now they are faded, and fled far away.

I've seen the forest, adorned the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest both pleasant and gay :
 So bonny was their blooming,
 With sweets the air perfuming ;
 But now they are wither'd, and faded away.

I've seen the morning with gold th' hills adorning,
 And loud tempests storming before middle-day.
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams
 Shining in sunny beams ;
 Grow drumly and dark as it roll'd on its way.

Ah !

Alr! fickle fortune, why this cruel sporting?
Why thus so perplex us, poor sons of a day?

Nae mair your smiles can chear me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the flowers of the forest's fled far away.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXVIII. Tune, *Alba-house*.

MY time, O ye muses, was happily spent,
When Phebe went with me wherever I went,
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast;
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest:
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvelous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;
I was so good humour'd, so chearful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day:
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known:
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart, I am sure, it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou knowest, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear;
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Must you be so chearful while I go in pain?
Peace then with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
 And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,
 When spring, love, and beauty were all in their
 prime !

But now, in their frolics, when by me they pass,
 I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass ;
 Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see,
 Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me ;
 And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
 Come hither, poor-fellow, and patted his head :
 But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
 Cry, Sirrah, and give him a blow with my crook ;
 And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
 Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away ?

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I
 seen !

How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green !
 What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
 The corn fields and hedges, and every thing made !
 But now she has left me, though all are still there,
 They none of them now so delightful appear ;
 'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
 Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both, all the wood thro',
 The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too ;
 Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
 And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet :
 But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
 The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone ;
 Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
 Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose,

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
 And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
 Does ought of their sweetness the blossoms beguile?
 That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
 Ah! rivals, I see why it was that you drest,
 And made yourself fine; for a place in her breast;
 You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
 To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps till my Phebe return?
 While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn!
 Methinks, if I knew whereabout he would tread,
 I could breath on his wings, and 'twould melt
 down the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
 And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
 Ah! Colin, old time is yet full of delay,
 Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

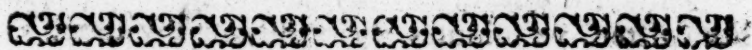
Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
 To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove,
 But what swain is so silly as to live without love?
 No diety bids the dear nymph to return,
 Though ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
 Ah! what shall I do! I shall die with despair!
 Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

XXXIX. *The auld yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on you brae,
 Cries, Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane of them
 gae;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;
 The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in;
 They winna bught in though I shou'd die,
 O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me:
They winna bught in, &c.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn.
 Though butter and cheese, and a' shou'd four,
 I'll crack and kifs wi' my love ae haff-hour;
 'Tis ae haff-hour, and we's e'en make it three,
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.



XL. *Sweet SUSAN.*

To the tune of, *Leader-haugh.*

I.

THE morn was fair, fast was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing;
 The buds did bow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing:
 When on the bent, with blyth content,
 Young Jamie sang his marrow,
 Nae bonnier lads e'er trode the grass,
 On Leader-haugh and Yarrow.

II.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace
 In heavenly beauty's planted;
 Her smiling een, and comely mein
 That nae perfection wanted.
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But bless my bonny marrow;
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

III.

III.

Yet though she's fair, and has full share
 Of every charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.
 O bonny lass ! have but the grace
 To think, e'er ye gae furder,
 Your joys maun flit, if ye commit
 The crying sin of murder.

IV.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And night and day affright ye ;
 But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,
 I'll study to delight ye.
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joys shall borrow ;
 Thus none shall be more blest'd than we
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

V.

O sweetest Sue ! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blisses.
 Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom :
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

XLI. To the tune of, *A rock and a wee pickle tow.*

I Have a green purse, and a wee pickle gowd,
 A bonny piece land and planting on't ;
 It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stow'd ;
 But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't ;

To

When in the sultry heat of day,
My thirsty nymph does panting lie,
I'll hasten to the fountain's brink,
And drain the stream that she may drink.

At night, when she shall weary prove,
A grassy bed I'll make my love,
And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
That nothing may her rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
Myself shall never close these eyes;
But gazing still with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as soon as chearful day
Dispels the gloomy shades away,
Forth to the forest I'll repair,
And find provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day and night,
Still mixing pleasure with delight:
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can ease for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
Shou'd e'er unkind and faithless prove,
I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
And never think of woman more.

XLIII. *Ommia vincit Amor.*

Tune, *Katharine Ogie.*

AS I went forth to view the spring,
Which Flora had adorned
In raiment fair; now every thing
The rage of winter scorned:

I cast mine eye, and did espy
 A youth, who made great clamor ;
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murm'ring river,
 And mournfully his doleful song
 With sighs he did deliver :
 Ah ! Jeany's face has comely grace,
 Her locks that shine like lammar,
 With burning rays have cut my days ;
 For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancy een like comets sheen,
 The morning-sun outshining.
 Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
 And make me die with pining.
 Durst I complain, nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose beauties rare make me with care
 Cry, *Omnia vincit amor.*

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
 Be partners of my mourning,
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
 Condemn her for her scorning :
 Let every tree a witness be,
 How justly I may blame her ;
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admired,
 And been ador'd for virtues rare,
 Wh' of life now makes me tired.
 Thus said, his breath began to fail,
 He could not speak, but stammer ;

He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
But *omnia vincit amor*.

When I observ'd him near to death,
I run in haste to save him,
But quickly he resign'd his breath,
So deep the wound love gave him.
Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
My tongue shall ay defame her,
While on his herse I'll write this verse,
Ah ! *omnia vincit amor*.

Straight I consider'd in my mind
Upon the matter rightly,
And found, though Cupid he be blind,
He proves in pith most mighty.
For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
And Vulcan with his hammer,
Did ever prove the slaves of love,
For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bonds remove,
Or torments break asunder :
Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,
To learn it from his grammar :
His heart's the book, where he's to look,
For *omnia vincit amor*.

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XLIV. *The Lafs of St. Ofyth.*

AT St. Ofyth, by the mill,
There lives a lovely lafs;
O, had I her good will,
How gayly life would pass !

No bold intruding care
 My bliss should e'er destroy;
 Her smiles would gild despair,
 And brighten every joy.

Like nature's rural scene,
 Her artless beauties charm;
 Like them, with joys serene,
 Our wishing hearts they warm.
 Her wit, with sweetness crown'd,
 Steals every sense away;
 The list'ning swains around
 Forget the short'ning day.

Health, freedom, wealth, and ease,
 Without her tasteless are;
 She gives them power to please,
 And makes them worth our care.
 Is there, ye fates, a bliss
 Reserv'd for me to share?
 Indulgent hear my wish,
 And grant it all in her.



XLV. *Polwart on the Green.*

AT Polwart on the green,
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do convene
 To dance about the thorn,
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let

Let dorty dames fay *Na*,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleeze ;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee ;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Amang the new-maun hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome day.
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.



XLVI. *Colin and Grisy parting.*

Tune, Wo's my heart that we should funder.

WITH broken words and downcast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender :
 And, parting with his Grisy, cries,
 Ah ! wo's my heart that we should funder.

To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder ;
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go :
 It breaks my heart that we should funder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, though we're oblig'd to funder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder,
 Thy lively wit and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present though we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me though we funder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her,
 When that blest'd time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never funder.



XLVII. Tune, *Throw the wood, laddie.*

AS early I walk'd on the first of sweet May,
 Beneath a steep mountain,
 Beside a clear fountain,
 I heard a grave lute soft melody play,
 Whilst the echo resounded the dolorous lay.
 I listen'd, and look'd, and spy'd a young swain,
 With aspect distressed,
 And spirits oppress'd,
 Seem'd clearing afresh like the sky after rain,
 And thus he discover'd how he strave with his pain.
 'Though Elisa be coy, why shou'd I repine,
 That a maid much above me,
 Vouchsafes not to love me?
 In her high sphere of worth I never cou'd shine;
 Then why should I seek to debase her to mine?

No;

No henceforth esteem shall govern my desire,

And, in due subjection,

Retain warm affection;

To shew that self-love inflames not my fire,

And that no other swain can more humbly admire.

When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,

Then quiet returning,

Shall hush my sad mourning;

And, lord of myself, in absolute rest,

I'll hug the condition which heaven shall think best.

Thus friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,

May still be respected,

Though love is rejected :

Elisa shall own, though to love not inclin'd,

That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd.

May the fortunate youth who hereafter shall woo

With prosp'rous endeavour,

And gain her dear favour,

Know, as well as I, what t' Elisa is due,

Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Whilst I, disengag'd from all amorous cares,

Sweet liberty tasting,

On calmest peace feasting,

Employing my reason to dry up my tears,

In hopes of heaven's blisses I'll spend my few years.

Ye powers, that preside o'er virtuous love,

Come aid me with patience,

To bear my vexations ;

With equal desires my flutt'ring heart move,

With sentiments purest my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,

May courage protect me,

And prudence direct me ;

Prepar'd for all fates, rememb'ring the swain,
Who grew happily wife after loving in vain.

XLVIII. ROSLIN CASTLE.

I.

TWAS in that season of the year
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.

II.

Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung;
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the chearful strain.

III.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
With rapture warms; awake and sing:
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song.

IV.

To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
O! bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

V.

O hark! my love, on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song.

VI.

Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

VII.

O come ! my love, thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls ; O come away :
Come, while the muse her wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.

VIII.

O hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that so sweetly shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

XLIX. *Hap me with thy Petticoat.*

O Bell, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain,
When night returns I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving cold while thou art warm :
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charm-
ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those pleasures, which can only cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, I wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.

Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
 That lovely breast of thine;
 Thy petticoat would give me ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
 That beauteous form of thine;
 And thou'rt too good its laws to slight,
 By hind'ring the design.
 May all the pow'rs of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my chains and set me free
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

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L. *O my heavy heart.*

'Tune of, *The broom of Cowdenknows.*

I.

O My heart, my heavy, heavy heart,
 Swells as 'twou'd burst in twain!
 No tongue can e'er describe its smart;
 Nor I conceal its pain,

II.

Blow on, ye winds, descend, soft rains,
 To sooth my tender grief:
 Your solemn music lulls my pain,
 And yields me short relief.
O my heart, &c.

III.

In some lone corner would I sit,
 Retir'd from human kind:
 Since mirth, nor show, nor sparkling wit,
 Can ease my anxious mind.
O my heart, &c.

IV.

IV.

The sun which makes all nature gay,
 Torments my weary eyes,
 And in dark shades I pass the day,
 Where echo sleeping lies.
O my heart, &c.

V.

The sparkling stars which gaily shine,
 And glitt'ring deck the night,
 Are all such cruel foes of mine,
 I sicken at the sight.
O my heart, &c.

VI.

The gods themselves their creatures love,
 Who do their aid implore;
 O learn of them, and bless the nymph
 Who only you adore.
O my heart, &c.

VII.

The strongest passion of the mind,
 The greatest bliss we know,
 Arises from successful love,
 If not, the greatest wo.
O my heart, &c.



LI.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head.
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas!

Alas ! silly swain that I was ;
 (Thus sadly complaining he cry'd) ;
 When first I beheld that fair face ,
 ' Twere better by far I had dy'd :
 She talk'd , and I blest'd her dear tongue ;
 When she smil'd it was pleasure too great ;
 I listen'd , and cry'd when she sung ,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet !

How foolish was I to believe ,
 She could dote on so lowly a clown ,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve ,
 To forsake the fine folk of the town ;
 To think that a beauty so gay ,
 So kind and so constant would prove ;
 Or go clad like our maidens in grey ,
 Or live in a cottage on love ?

What though I have skill to complain ,
 Though the muses my temples have crown'd ;
 What though , when they hear my soft strains ,
 The virgins sit weeping around ?
 Ah , Colin ! thy hopes are in vain ,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign ,
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain ,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine .

All you , my companions so dear ,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd ,
 Whatever I suffer , forbear ,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid .
 Though through the wide world I should range ,
 ' Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;
 ' Twas hers to be false and to change ,
 ' Tis mine to be constant and die .

If while my hard fate I sustain ,
 In her breast any pity is found ,

Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground :
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array ;
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day :
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

LII. *Tune, Blink over the burn, sweet Betty.*

LEAVE kindred and friends, sweet Betty,
 Leave kindred and friends for me :
 Assur'd thy servant is steddý
 To love, to honour, and thee.
 The gifts of nature and fortune
 May fly by chance as they came ;
 They're grounds the destinies sport on,
 But virtue is ever the same.

Although my fancy were roving,
 Thy charms so heavenly appear,
 That other beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my dear.
 And shou'd life's sorrows embitter
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan afunder, like doves.

Oh !

Oh ! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my love in my arms !
 By thee to be grasp'd ! and kissed !
 And live on thy heaven of charms ;
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
 Shou'd fortune capricious prove ;
 Though death shou'd tear me to pieces,
 I'd die a martyr to love.



LIII. *The Collier's bonny Lassie.*

THE collier has a daughter,
 And O she's wonder bonny ;
 A laird he was that fought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money :
 The tutors watch'd the motion
 Of this young honest lover ;
 But love is like the ocean ;
 Wha can its depth discover !

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ;
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The collier's bonny lassie,
 Fair as the new-blown lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never saucy,
 Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her.

After

After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her :

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty
 To ware what heaven has lent me,
 Upon your wit and beauty.



LIV. *Tune, Peggy, I must love thee.*

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade,
 Young Colin lay complaining ;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining :
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
 Though pity cannot move thee,
 Though thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
 That thus you cruelly use him ?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
 For which you should excuse him !
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish ;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 When ev'ry maid invites me ;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
 For thee that only slights me :
 This love that fires my faithful heart
 By all but thee's commended.
 Oh ! would thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.
 That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over,
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas ! though should it ne'er relent,
 Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
 My Peggy, I must love thee.

LV. To the tune of, *Come kiss with me, come
 clap with me, &c.*

PEGGY.

MY Jocky blyth, for what thou'st done,
 There is nae help nor mending ;
 For thou hast jogg'd me out of tune,
 For a' thy fair pretending.
 My mither sees a change on me,
 For my complexion dashes,
 And this, alas ! has been with thee
 Sae late amang the rashes.

JOCKY.

My Peggy, what I've said I'll do,
 To free thee frae her scouling.
 Come then and let us buckle to,
 Nae langer let's be fooling ;

For

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and dady;
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's fun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a Lawland laird and lady;
 But I can kiss and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
*O my bonny, bonny Highland laddie,
 My handsome charming Highland laddie;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward
 Our Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.*

LVII. *The Highland Lassie.*

THE Lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're sour and unco faucy;
 Sae proud, they never can be kind
 Like my good-humour'd Highland lassie.
*O my bonny, bonny Highland lassie,
 My hearty smiling Highland lassie,
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.*

Than

Than ony las in burrows town,
 Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,
 I'd tak my Katty but a gown,
 Bare-footed in her little coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie ;
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
 My flighteren heart gangs pittie pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stenn
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my las on dishes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare by deed or word
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can wield my trusty sword,
 Or frae my side whilk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe invite my treasure
 To range with me ; let great fowk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
O my bonny, bonny Highland lassie,
My lovely smiling Highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still blest my lassie.

LVIII. *The Milking-pail.*

I.

YE nymphs and silvan gods,
 That love green fields and woods.
 When spring newly born herself does adorn
 With flowers and blooming buds :
 Come sing in the praise, while flocks do graze
 On yonder pleasant vale,
 Of those that chuse to milk their ewes,
 And in cold dews, with clouted shoes,
 To carry the milking-pail.

II.

You goddess of the morn,
 With blushes you adorn,
 And take the fresh air, whilst linnets prepare
 A consort on each green thorn :
 The blackbird and thrush, on every bush,
 And the charming nightingale,
 In merry vein, their throats do strain,
 To entertain the jolly train
 Of those of the milking-pail.

III.

When cold bleak winds do roar,
 And flowers will spring no more,
 The fields that were seen so pleasant and green,
 With winter's all candied o'er.
 See how the town lass looks with her white face,
 And her lips so deadly pale !
 But it is not so with those that go
 Through frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,
 And carry the milking-pail.

IV.

The miss of courtly mold,
 Adorn'd with pearls and gold,

With

With washes and paint her skin does so taint,
 She's wither'd before she's old :
 While she of comode puts on a cart-load,
 And with cushions plumps her tail.
 What joys are found in rusty ground,
 Young plump and round, nay sweet and sound,
 Of those of the milking-pail.

V.

You girls of Venus game,
 That venture health and fame,
 In practising feats, with cold and heats,
 Make lovers grow blind and lame :
 If men were so wise to value the prize
 Of wares most fit for sale,
 What store of beaux would daub their cloaths,
 To save a nose, by following of those
 Who carry the milking-pail ?

VI.

The country lad is free
 From fears and jealousy,
 Whilst upon the green he is often seen
 With his lass upon his knee ;
 With kisses most sweet he doth her so treat,
 And swears she'll never grow stale :
 But the London lass, in ev'ry place,
 With brazen face despises the grace
 Of those of the milking-pail.

LIX. *Still he's the Man.*

I.

WHAT woman could do, I have try'd to be free,
 Yet do all I can,
 I find I love him, and though he flies me,
 Still, still, he's the man.

They tell me at once, he to twenty will swear;
 When vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear?
 So when you have said all you can,
 Still,—still he's the man.

II.

I caught him once making love to a maid,
 When to him I ran,
 He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who cou'd upbraid
 So civil a man?

The next day I found to a third he was kind,
 I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind;
 So let me do what I can,
 Still,—still he's the man.

III.

All the world bids me beware of his art :
 I do what I can ;
 But he has taken such hold of my heart,
 I doubt he's the man !
 So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,
 He may have his faults, but if none I can find,
 Who can do more than they can,
 He,—still is the man.



LX. *Celia in a Jessamine Bower.*

I.

WHEN the bright god of day
 Drove westward his ray,
 And the evening was charming and clear,
 The swallows amain
 Nimble skim o'er the plain,
 And our shadows like giants appear.

II.

II.

In a jessamine bower,
 When the bean was in flower,
 And zephyrs breath'd odours around,
 Lov'd Celia she sat
 With her song and spinet,
 And she charm'd all the grove with her sound.

III.

Rosy bowers she sung,
 Whilst the harmony rung,
 And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive,
 The industrious bees,
 From the flowers and the trees,
 Gently hum with their sweets to the hive.

IV.

The gay god of love,
 As he flew o'er the grove,
 By zephyrs conducted along ;
 As he touch'd on the strings,
 He beat time with his wings,
 And echo repeated the song.

V.

O ye mortals beware
 How ye venture too near,
 Love doubly is armed to wound :
 Your fate you can't shun,
 For you're surely undone,
 If you rashly approach near the sound.

LXI. *Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.*

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gie her a kiss and let her gae ;
 But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
 Then, lads and lassies, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay,

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook:
 Sync frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
 Where lies the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 Nineteen na-says are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss:
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennifons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the gods indulgent grant:
 Then, furly carls, whisht, forbear
 To plague us with your whining cant.

LXII. *The young Laird and Edinburgh Katy.*

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the street, my jo?
 My mistress in her tartan screen,
 Fow bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
 That never wish'd a lover ill,
 Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
 Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
 And leave the dunsome town a while;
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gaun to smile:
 The mavis, nightingale and lark,
 The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,
 In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad ye're mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends his morning-draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow;
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog:
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, fast, and flow'ry den,
 Which circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauler shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

LXIII.

LXIII. *KATT's Answer.*

Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
 Though she did the same before me :
 I canna get leave
 To look to my loove,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye're offer
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher ;
 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
 And wyte ye're poor Kate,
 When'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweer
 To twin wi' his gear ;
 And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion ;
 Brag well o' ye'r land,
 And there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

LXIV. *Celia's Reflections on herself for slighting
 Philander's Love.*

To the tune of, *The gallant shoemaker.*

YOUNG Philander woo'd me lang,
 But I was peevish and forbad him,
 I wadna tent his loving sang ;
 But now I wish, I wish I had him :

Ilk morning when I view my glaſs,
 Then I perceive my beauty going;
 And when the wrinkles ſeize the face,
 Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes ſo much admir'd,
 I find it fading faſt, and flying,
 My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
 Grow pale, the broken blood decaying.
 Ah! we may ſee ourſelves to be,
 Like ſummer-fruit that is unſhaken;
 When ripe they ſoon fall down and die,
 And by corruption quickly taken.

Uſe then your time, ye virgins fair,
 Employ your day before 'tis evil;
 Fifteen is a ſeaſon rare,
 But five and twenty is the devil.
 Juſt when ripe, conſent unto't,
 Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;
 Women are like other fruit,
 They loſe their reliſh when too mellow.

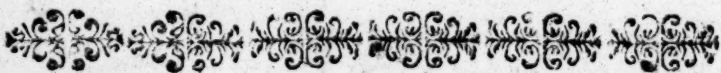
If opportunity be loſt,
 You'll find it hard to be regained;
 Which now I may tell to my coſt,
 Though but myſell nane can be bamed:
 If then your fortune you reſpect,
 Take the occaſion when it offers;
 Nor a true lover's ſuit neglect,
 Leſt you be ſcoff'd for being ſcoffers.

I, by his fond expreſſions, thought,
 That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing;
 But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, paſt my hope, he's gane a-ranging.
 Dear maidens, then take my advice,
 And let na coynels prove your ruin;

For

For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
Your lovers will give over wooing.

Then *maidens auld* you nam'd will be,
And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,
As lang as life; and when ye die,
With leading apes be ever cumber'd:
A punishment, and hated brand,
With which nane of us are contented;
Then be not wise behind the hand,
That the mistake may be prevented.



LXV. *The young Ladies Thanks to the repenting
Virgin, for her seasonable Advice.*

O Virgin kind! we canna tell
How many many thanks we owe you,
For pointing out to us sae well
Those very rocks that did o'erthrow you;
And we your lesson sae shall mind,
That e'en though a' our kin had swore it,
Ere we shall be an hour behind,
We'll take a year or twa before it.

We'll catch all winds blaw in our sails,
And still keep out our flag and pinnet;
If young Philander anes assails
To storm love's fort, then he shall win it:
We may indeed, for modesty,
Present our forces for resistance;
But we shall quickly lay them by,
And contribute to his assistance.

LXVI.

TO heal the wound a bee had made
 Upon my Kitty's face,
 Honey upon her cheek she laid,
 And bid me kiss the place.

Pleas'd, ' obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart,
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.



LXVII.

YES I could love, if I could find
 A mistress fitted to my mind,
 Whom neither gold nor pride could move,
 To change her virtue or her love :

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
 Loves for myself, and not for mine ;
 Not city-proud, nor nice and coy,
 But full of love and full of joy :

Not childish young, nor beldame old,
 Nor fiery hot, nor icy cold,
 Not gravely wise to rule the state,
 Not foolish to be pointed at :

Not worldly rich, nor basely poor,
 Not chaste, nor a reputed whore :
 If such an one you can discover,
 Pray, Sir, intitle me her lover.

G

LXVIII.

LXVIII. *The wayward Wife.*

ALAS ! my son, you little know
 The sorrows that from wedlock flow ;
 Farewel to ev'ry day of ease,
 When you've gotten a wife to please :
Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide you yet ;
The half of that will gane you yet,
If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

When I like you was young and free,
 I valued not the proudest she ;
 Like you I vainly boasted then,
 That men alone were born to reign ;
But bide you yet, &c.

Great Hercules and Samson too,
 Were stronger men than I or you ;
 Yet they were baffled by their dears,
 And felt the distaff and the sheers ;
Sae bide you yet, &c.

Stout gates of brass, and well built walls,
 Are proof 'gainst swords, and cannon balls ;
 But nought is found by sea or land,
 That can a wayward wife withstand :
Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide you yet ;
The half of that will gane you yet,
If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

LXIX. *The auld Goodman.*

LATE in an evening forth I went,
 A little before the sun gade down,

And

And there I chanc'd by accident,
 To light on a battle new begun.
 A man and his wife was fa'n in a strife,
 I canna well tell you how it began ;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched life,
 And cry'd ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

H E.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born,
 Was but a filly poor vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn ;
 For he did spend, and make an end
 Of gear that his forefathers wan,
 He gart the poor stand frae the door,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
 When I think on my winsom John,
 His blinkin eye, and gate sae free,
 Was naething like thee, thou dosen'd drone.
 His rosie face, and flaxen hair,
 And a skin as white as ony swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withal,
 And thoul't never be like my auld goodman.

H E.

Why dost thou pleen ? I thee maintain,
 For meal and mawt thou disna want ;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant.
 Of household stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan ;
 Of siklike ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

Yes I may tell, and fret mysell,
 To think on these blyth days I had,

G 2.

When

When he and I together lay
 In arms into a well-made bed;
 But now I sigh and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld; thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thoul't ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the light o' day;
 The carl was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay;
 Then up he gat, and ran his way,
 I trow the wife the day she wan,
 And ay the o'erward of the fray
 Was ever, *Alake, my auld goodman.*



LXX. *The drunken Wife o' Galloway.*

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarry,
 The wife she drank naithing but wine and
 canary;
 The goodman he complain'd to her friends right
 airly.

Oh! gin my wife wad drink booly and fairly.

First she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garje,
 Since, she has drunken my bonny gray marie,
 That carried me throw the dubs and the lairie.

Oh! &c.

She's drunken her stockings, sae has she her shoon,
 And now she has drunken her bonny new gown;
 She's drunken her sark that cover'd her rarely.

Oh! &c.

Wad!

Wad she drink her ain things, I wad nae much care ;
 But when she drinks my claiths, I canna well spare,
 When I'm wi' my goffips, it angers me fairly,

Oh! &c.

My Sunday's coat she has laid in a wad,
 The best blue bonnet was e'er o' my head ;
 At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.

Oh! &c.

The bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
 To her neighbour's wife she's laid them in pawns ;
 My bane-headed staff, that I loo'd so dearly.

Oh! &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,
 Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
 For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley.

Oh! &c.

When there's ony money she maun keep the purse,
 If I seek a baubie she'll scold and she'll curse,
 She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.

Oh! &c.

A pint wi' her kimmers I wad her allow ;
 But when she sits down she drinks till she's fou ;
 And when she is fou, she's unco campstarie.

Oh! &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she
 rants,
 Has no fear of her neighbours, or minds the house
 wants ;

Roars some foolish sang, like Up your heart Charlie.

Oh!

And when she comes hame, she lays on the lads,
 She calls the lasses baith bitches and jads,
 And me my ain fell an auld cuckold carlie.

Oh! &c.

LXXI. *Tak your auld Cloak about ye.*

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, with his blasts fae bald,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
 Then Bell, my wife, wha loes na strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, goodman, save Crommy's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Crommy is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kine ;
 Aft has she wat the bairns's mou,
 And I am laith that she shou'd tyne ;
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the lift fae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now 'tis scanty worth a groat.
 For I have worn't this thretty year ;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die :
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but haff a crown ;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was the king that wore the crown,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every

Every land has its ain laigh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
 I think the world is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklen in the afe?
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thretty years
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lassies ten:
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she loves na strife;
 But she wad guide me if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman:
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

LXXII. *The loving Lass and Spinning Wheel.*

A S I sat at my spinning-wheel,
 A bonny lad was passing by:
 I view'd him round, and lik'd him well,
 For trowth he had a glancing eye.
 My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.
 With looks all kindness he drew near,
 And still mair lovely did appear:

And

And round about my slender waift
 He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:
 To kiss my hand, syne down did kneel,
 As I sat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol;
 And prais'd my fingers lang and small,
 And said, there was nae lady fair
 That ever could with me compare.
 These words into my heart did steal,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Although I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he wad never be deny'd,
 But still declar'd his love the mair,
 Until my heart was wounded fair:
 That I my love cou'd scarce conceal,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
 My winnells and my spinning-wheel;
 He bid me leave them all with speed,
 And gang with him to yonder mead.
 My yielding heart strange flames did feel,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
 And whisper'd, Rise, my bonny maid,
 And with me to yon hay-cock go,
 I'll teach thee better wark to do.
 In trouth I loo'd the motion weel,
 And loot alane my spinning-wheel:

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,
 Then with my bonny lad I lay;
 What lassie young and fast as I,
 Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny?
 These pleasures I cannot reveal,
 That far surpass the spinning-wheel.

LXXIII.

LET a set of sober asses
 Rail against the joys of drinking;
 While water, tea,
 And milk agree,
 To set cold brains a-thinking;
 Power and wealth,
 Beauty, health,
 Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd :
 Joys abound,
 Pleasure's found
 Only where the glass goes round.

The ancient sects on happiness
 All differ'd in opinion ;
 But wiser rules
 Of modern schools,
 In wine fix their dominion.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
 Makes glow the cheeks of beauty,
 Makes poets write,
 And soldiers fight,
 And friendship do its duty.

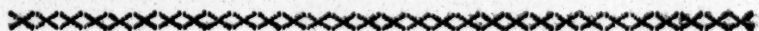
Wine was the only Helicon,
 Whence poets are long-liv'd so ;
 'Twas no other main,
 Than brisk champaign,
 Whence Venus was deriv'd too.

When heav'n in Pandora's box
 All kinds of ill had sent us,

In a merry mood,
A bottle of good
Was cork'd up to content us.

All virtues wine is nurse to,
Of ev'ry vice destroyer,
Gives dullards wit,
Makes just the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.

Wine sets our joys a-flowing,
Our care and sorrow drowning.
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in's soul,
And a Christian ne'er should own him :
Power and wealth, &c.



LXXIV.

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure ;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure.
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal soul
May drink and sing without controul,
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian to our pleasure ;
That, under thy protection, we
May enjoy new pleasure :
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing thy praises, that we may
Live and die with pleasure.

LXXV.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasse ;
 Noble deeds are done by wine ;
 Scorn the nymph with all her graces :
 Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand charms you'll find,
 More than in Chloë when just going,
 In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,
 Drank about at council-board ;
 Made friends, and gain'd the word by drinking,
 More than by his conquering sword.



LXXVI.

LEAVE off your foolish prating,
 Talk no more of Whig and Torry,
 But drink your glass,
 Round let it pass,
 The bottle stands before ye,
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,
 This night devote to pleasure ;
 Let wordly cares,
 And state-affairs,
 Be thought on at more leisure ;

Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous,
 To be a party-minion,
 Let him drink like me,
 We'll soon agree,
 And be of one opinion :
 Fill your glass, name your lass,
 See her health go sweetly round,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd.

LXXVII.

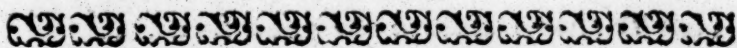
LET soldiers fight for prey or praise,
 And money be the miser's wish,
 Poor scholars study all their days,
 And gluttons glory in their dish :
*'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;
 Therefore fill us the chearing bowls.*

Let minions marshal every hair,
 And in a lover's lock delight,
 And artificial colours wear :
 Pure wine is native red and white :
'Tis wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave,
 That lively which before was dull ;
 Opens the heart that loves to save,
 And kindness flows from cups brim-full :
'Tis wine, &c.

Some

Some men want youth, and others health,
 Some want a wife, and some a punk,
 Some men want wit, and others wealth;
 But they want nothing that are drunk:
'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls;
Therefore give us the chearing bowls.



LXXVIII. *Tune. When she came ben she bobbed.*

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
 Let's have no more female impert'nence and
 noise;
 For I've try'd the endearments and pleasures of love,
 And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies, by
 Jove.

When first of all Betty and I were acquaint,
 I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a faint:
 But I found her religion, her face, and her love,
 Were hypocrisy, paint, and self-interest, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next with her languishing air,
 Her outside was orderly, modest, and fair;
 But her soul was sophisticate, so was her love,
 For I found she was only a strumpet, by Jove.

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at last:
 (You know marriage and money together does best.)
 But the baggage, forgetting her vows and her love,
 Gave her gold to a sniv'ling dull coxcomb, by Jove.

Come, fill me a bumper, then, jolly brave boys;
 Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise:
 I know few of the sex that are worthy my love;
 And for strumpets and jilts, I abhor them, by Jove.

'Tis this makes us bold,
 And will keep out the cold,
 Such virtues in claret combine;
 While the flask is in view,
 Our joys are still new,
 And our cares are all drown'd in good wine;
 Brave boys.

And our cares, &c.

That fellow's an ass,
 Who would sneak from his glass,
 For some insolent Chloe to whine;
 Let him come no more here,
 For by Bacchus I swear,
 He's not worthy to taste of our wine,
 Brave boys.

He's not worthy, &c.

The nectar of old,
 That so much is extoll'd,
 Which the deities drink when they dine,
 Let none hence deceive ye,
 For if ye believe me,
 Their nectar's no more than good wine,
 Brave boys.
Their nectar's no more than good wine.

LXXXI.

GIVE me but a friend and a glass, boys.
 I'll shew ye what it is to be gay;
 I'll not care a fig for a lass, boys,
 Nor love my brisk youth away:
 Give me but an honest fellow,
 That's pleasanter when he's mellow,
 We'll live twenty-four hours a-day.

LXXXIII. *The TOAST.*

To the tune of, *Saw ye my Peggy.*

COME let's hae mair wine in,
 Bacchus hates repining,
 Venus loves nae dwining,
 Let's be blyth and free.
 Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir;
 Ye'er mistress, Robie, gi'es her,
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
 That's a lass can charm ye,
 And to joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never wish ane brawer.
 If ye bare-headed saw her
 Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy, a dainty lass is,
 Come let's join our glasses,
 And refresh our hauses
 With a health to thee.
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,
 Be statesmen tint in thinking,
 While we with love and drinking,
 Give our cares the lie.



LXXXIV.

FILL the bowl with streams of pleasure,
 Such as Gallia's vintage boast;

These

These are tides that bring our treasure;
 Love and friendship be the toast.
 First our mistresses approving,
 With bright beauty crown the glass;
 He that is too dull for loving,
 Must in friendship be an ass.

Plyades is with Orestes
 Said to have one common soul:
 But the meaning of the jest is
 In the bottom of the bowl.
 Thus, by means of honest drinking,
 Often is the truth found out,
 Which would cost a world of thinking;
 Spare your pains and drink about.



LXXXV.

BY drinking drive dull care away,
 Be brisk and airy,
 Never vary

In your tempers, but be gay.
 Let mirth know no cessation;
 We all were born, (mankind agree)
 From dull reflection to be free;
 But he that drinks not cannot be:
 Then answer your creation.

When Cupid wounds, grave Hymen heals,
 Then all our whining,
 Wishing, striving
 To embrace what beauty yields.

Is left when in possession ;
 But Bacchus sends such treasure forth,
 Possession never palls its worth,
 We always wish'd for't from our birth,
 And shall for ever wish on.

All malice here is flung aside,
 Each takes his glass
 No healths do pass,
 No party-feuds here e'er abide,
 They nought but ill occasion ;
 We only meet to celebrate
 The day which brought us to this state,
 But not to curse, nor yet to hate
 The hour of our creation.



LXXXVI.

COME, let us drink,
 'Tis in vain to think,
 Like fools, on grief or sadness ;
 Let our money fly,
 And our sorrow die,
 All wordly care is madness.

 But wine and good cheer
 Will, in spite of our fear,
 Inspire our hearts with mirth, boys ;
 The time we live
 To wine let us give,
 Since all must turn to earth, boys.

 Hand about the bowl,
 The delight of my soul,

And

And to my hand commend it;
A fig for chink,
'Twas made to buy drink,
And before we go hence we'll spend it.



LXXVII.

OLD Adam, it is true,
No care in Eden knew,
Yet his sons live more gay and airy;
For he tippled water,
While we who come after,
Drink claret and rosy Canary.

Then let each take his glaſs,
And drink to his laſt,
But ne'er be a ſlave unto either ;
For they are only wiſe,
Who both equally prize,
And join Bacchus and Venus together.

Whenever thus they meet,
All our joys are complete,
And our jollity ne'er can expire;
They our faculties warm,
And us mutually charm,
While each from the other takes fire.



F I N I S.

